

BLIND PEOPLE.

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BLIND PEOPLE.

"If you would like, to hear any thing about the business part of it," suggested the young man, clearing his throat. But Sharley "hated business." She would not hear.

"Not about the Crummet Buildings? Well, I carried that affair through—that's all."

They came out under the wide sky, and walked home hand in hand. All the world was hung with crystals. The faint shadow of a rainbow quivered across a silver cloud.

The first thing that Sharley did when she came home was to find Moppet and squeeze him.

"Oh, Moppet, we can be good girls all the same if we are happy, can't we?"

"No Sir!" said injured Moppet. "You don't catch me!"

"But oh, Moppet, see the round drops hanging, and burning on the blinds! And how the little mud-puddles shine, Moppet!"

Out of her pain and her patience God had brought her beautiful answer. It was well for Sharley. But if such answer had not come? That also would be well.

BLIND PEOPLE.

IT is a mistake, although a very common one, to suppose that the loss of sight is necessarily, or usually, accompanied by an atoning strength or acuteness of the other senses. In individual instances blind persons have shown themselves remarkable for what they could do by touch, hearing, and taste; but this is the result of the special training of those senses, coupled with a developed power of making quickly, and depending on, intellectual inferences from the impressions which the unimpaired senses communicate; and not a gift accompanying blindness.

The men who have lost their right arms on the battle-fields of the civil war have been taught to write with their left so well that their penmanship has won praise and prizes. But they have not learned to write with the left hand any more easily than an unhurt man might do—they have not learned as easily; but they have had a motive in necessity. So the loss of sight weakens and depresses the powers that remain, diminishes the courage, obscures and enfeebles many of the fundamental ideas and conceptions of the mind, and deprives the sufferer of a most important aid in the development of the other senses. But notwithstanding this drawback, how wonderful is the quickness of sense, or shrewdness in intellectual deduction, sometimes displayed by blind persons!

Such, for instance, as that of Blacklock, who was on the point of walking into a deep well, if the sound of his little dog's feet, pattering before him on the board by which half of it was covered, had not warned him of danger; of Saunderson, who touched an antiquarian coin with his tongue and was sure it wasn't Roman; and who knew that a certain lady had white

teeth, because "for the last half hour she had done nothing but laugh;" of the Bokhara shop-keeper, described by Vambéry, who kept sixteen kinds of tea, and could tell them all apart by the touch (or was it by the taste?); of Stanley, who, unexpectedly addressed in Pall Mall with the question, in a feigned voice, from a gentleman who had been absent in Jamaica for twenty years, "How do you do, Mr. Stanley?" responded, after an instant's hesitation, "God bless me, Mr. Smith! how long have you been in England?" of Gough, the blind mathematician and naturalist of Kendal, who, when in his old age a rare plant was brought to him, examined it with the tip of his tongue, at once gave the correct name, and declared he had never seen but one specimen of it, and that was fifty years ago; of Wilson, the blind bell-ringer of Dumfries, who tripped up the steps to the belfry as quickly and as certainly as if possessed of the keenest sight, and rarely missed the key-hole at the first trial with the key; of Dr. Willard, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, who, having become blind while still a young man, at the age of eighty-three could gather his own fruit, prune the trees judiciously, lay out and plant his garden, selecting and sowing the seeds without mistake; of John Metcalf, the blind road-maker, who guided lost travelers along the intricate roads so skillfully that they never suspected but that he could see; of Francis Huber, who discovered facts in regard to the life and habits of bees which the wisest and most keen-sighted naturalists had failed to detect.

So also it is related that a blind messenger at Edinburgh was sent with a mattress to a customer, and with it the bill for payment. The sender of the mattress was surprised to see the messenger return with the account and the mattress too. "I've brought back baith, ye see, Sir," said he. "How so?" "Indeed, Sir, I didna like t' leave 't yonder, else I'm sure we wad ne'er see the siller—there's nae a stick of furniture within the door!" "How do you come to know that?" "Oh, Sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell't me that."

A single incident is sufficient proof of the masterly skill of Stanley in the management of the organ. At a public performance of one of Handel's "Te Deums" the organ was found to be a half note too sharp for the other instruments in the orchestra; whereupon Stanley, who was conducting the music, instead of requiring that the violins should be screwed up to the organ's higher range, at once, without premeditation, transposed the whole piece to suit them into a lower key. This was the more remarkable because the new key was the remote one of C sharp major.

Many instances might be cited in proof of the accuracy of a blind man's memory. "When I was a young man," says a director of the Great Malvern Museum, "for many years I hunted in vain to kill a common dotterel, which Pennant, the great naturalist, said ought to be called 'uncommon.' But at last I shot one, and sent to

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him. I never saw the famous old man again for upward of thirty years, and long after he had become blind. Meeting him then by accident, 'I can hardly hope,' I said, 'that you will remember me, Mr. Pennant?' For a moment the blind man hesitated, and then cried out, with sudden eagerness, 'Ah! my friend of the dotterel!'"

Anciently the blind were neglected, and left in a great measure to their own resources and to the charity of friends; they were regarded as incapable of special development or education. The art of giving instruction in special and peculiar ways to this unfortunate class was slowly introduced, in comparatively modern times, taking its commencement in France in the thirteenth century, other countries following for the most part and for a long time the lead of French experiment. As is well known, the whole course of progress in this respect has been in the direction of instruction in special institutions, and not in any methods or plans of domestic training.

The blind child must be sent from home to an institution where special efforts can be made to enlighten his darkened mind. And yet, with all the helps which can be given him, with what infinite difficulty does he tread the path to knowledge? He is brought, for example, into an extensive building, with which he must become acquainted almost entirely by touch and hearing. All is new and strange. But in a few weeks he can navigate the difficult passages with considerable dexterity, finds his own seat at table, his place in the basket-room or work-shop, and has, most likely, chosen a special companion from among the sightless pupils. As months pass on he learns to distinguish his own tools and implements from those of his companions by some little flaw or peculiarity not apparent to his teacher; to measure distances with wonderful accuracy; to know the step of every teacher and every companion. In short, touch and hearing are being silently and surely educated; the ear, a watchful sentinel and skillful guide, becomes keener, and the fingers more delicately susceptible and discriminating.

When, however, he seeks that mental development and education which comes chiefly through books, difficulties thicken. The elementary processes are slow and laborious. Numerous systems of printing have been invented for the use of the blind—all very ingenious, no doubt, but most of them difficult to be understood by a person *with* eyes, and we should suppose they would be hopelessly bewildering to one without them. Those who are gifted with special acuteness of touch, and corresponding mental ability, learn, by patient effort, to read with facility. But facts mentioned in the recent Report of the New York Institution for the Blind show that the majority of pupils meet with serious difficulties in learning to read at all well. The question as to what kind of alphabet is best adapted to their use

is by no means settled. The Boston and the Philadelphia (or Glasgow, as it is sometimes called) systems have been the most popular, and are composed of lines which form letters much like our ordinary alphabet. In Great Britain the Philadelphia letter is known as Alston's.

A method of writing with points, invented by Braille, is now in general use in many institutions for the blind. And while it is argued by some that there is great advantage in having a system of embossed printing for the blind in which the alphabet resembles as nearly as possible that in ordinary use among the seeing, on the other hand, the point alphabet is infinitely more simple, and can be readily learned by many who have utterly failed to master the Boston print. It is less laborious to write, and also much space is saved in printing. Books for the blind are both expensive and bulky. The Bible in the Boston type makes a set of eight huge volumes.

The Braille system, which has been extensively adopted, is based on ten fundamental signs, representing the first ten letters of the alphabet, and also the ten Arabic numerals, as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
·	:	· ·	· ·	·	· ·	· ·	· ·	·	· ·
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

By very simple additions the other letters are represented. This system has also been applied to musical notation in such a manner as to render the reading and writing of music very easy. The mode of writing is simple. The apparatus consists of a board, with a surface grooved horizontally and vertically by lines about an eighth of an inch apart. Over this board a frame is fitted. Sheets of paper being placed over the board, the points are made with a style, through a slip of perforated metal, which contains all the changes used in the system. As the sheets must be reversed to be read, the writing must be from right to left. A few books have been printed in the point print, and some system of this kind certainly commends itself to those interested in the education of the blind from its great simplicity.

A very ingenious invention was made some years ago by two blind men of Edinburgh, and used for many years in the Edinburgh Institution as a substitute for books and manuscripts, though not generally adopted. It was called the string alphabet, being a mode of designating the different letters by the form and distances of knots on a cord. Thus a book could be kept rolled up like a ball, and unrolled and read at pleasure; or a communication on fine cord be sent by letter to a friend.

The blind can often master arithmetic with comparative ease. Many curious contrivances have been invented to aid them in their calculations. The board which Saunderson, a noted mathematical genius, used was a very complicated affair. It was about a foot square, fixed in a narrow frame, and contained a great num-

ber of cross parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other. The edges of the board had grooves about two inches apart, and to each groove belonged five parallels, each square inch being subdivided into one hundred smaller squares. At every point of intersection was a small hole to receive a pin. Saunderson always kept two boxes of pins by his side when at work, and these, by difference of position or head, expressed to him the various numerals; a larger pin in the centre of each little square standing for zero, a smaller one for 1, and the other numerals were detected by their relative position to these.

Saunderson manipulated the pins with inconceivable quickness; but the exact way in which he used them in his calculations is altogether a mystery. It is probable that he used groups of pins, from time to time, to express certain stages in the operation, as memoranda to which he could refer again and again. Be this as it may, however, there is no doubt that he worked problems of every—even the highest—kind, both in common arithmetic and algebra, with great rapidity and equal accuracy. Genius as he was, and full of resources which genius alone can devise and use, he would doubtless have rejoiced to possess one of the plain and simple arithmetic boards now in use.

A popular impression is afloat that some clever blind people have the power of detecting colors by the touch. This is an error; touch can do nothing here. Yet the blind man may weave you a rug bright with all the colors of the rainbow, exactly after the pattern which you prescribe. In the first place, his threads of wool are all placed for him by his side, in one exact order, say white, crimson, blue, yellow, and maroon. They are always in the same order and place, so that he takes up whichever he needs with unerring certainty. Hung up in front of him, but easily within reach of his fingers, is a square of smooth, thin deal, on which is traced the pattern of his rug in nails with heads of every possible variety of shape—round, square, diamond-shape, or triangular; tacks, brads, and buttons; some driven home to the surface of the board, others raised above it; but all telling their own story of red, green, white, or blue. He reads his pattern with his fingers, and weaves in the brilliant colors as deftly as if he saw every tint. If his touch is keen his pattern can be set for him by the help of letters and figures, certain letters standing for certain colors, and the figures indicating how many threads or strands are to be taken. Then the different colors all being *arranged* in regular order he skillfully brings out the intricacies of his pattern.

The material used for making baskets is sometimes colored with such substances that the red, for example, is harsher to the touch than the blue. In such cases the blind basket-maker is soon able, apparently, to detect colors by the touch, while in reality it is a difference in *substance*.

In the various institutions for the blind the making of baskets, brooms, brushes, mattresses, and other similar articles, is systematically taught. The work is performed with great neatness and dexterity. It is often said that the work of the blind can not be equal to that of the seeing; but the brooms and mattresses made at the New York Institution for the Blind prove the contrary. Special care is also taken in that institution, as well as in others, that the pupils should gain practical information in regard to the cost of material, the proper prices to be affixed to manufactured articles, *etc.*, so that when they leave the institution they may be able to do business independently, if circumstances render it needful.

The great passion in the life of a blind man, when once aroused, is music. Here he thinks he can achieve, if not immortality, at least renown and certain independence. It is to him a source of the highest, purest pleasure, a solace under all his troubles, almost light in his darkness. It rightly occupies a prominent place in all institutions for the education of the sightless, and surprising skill and proficiency is often attained.

Among the mural tablets of the ancient Egyptians it is said there is one from the tombs of Alabastron representing a blind harper sitting cross-legged on the ground, attended by seven other blind men similarly seated, who sing and beat time with their hands. They were clearly professional musicians, full of animation and interest in their work; and expressing by every feature of the face, as well as their very position, their darkened lot. In those ancient times no systematic provision appears to have been made for the blind; but when music became their resource, they seem not only to have met with compassion and help, but to have found a pure enjoyment.

There is a pleasant incident related of Mendelssohn, who went one hot summer to rest his overtaxed brain in Zurich. There he was besieged by eager admirers, but would accept of no invitation until hearing that the blind pupils of the Blind School were anxious, as they said, to "see him," he visited them. He spoke to the sightless assembly in kindest words, and listened to their songs and choruses, some even of their own composing, with interest and pleasure. And then the great musician asked permission to sit down at their piano, and wandered away into one of those wild and tender strains of speaking melody for which he was so famous. His silent, wrapt audience listened so intently to "The Song without Words," that a pinfall would have broken the stillness. One by one over the eager faces crept the air of deep, quiet joy, until in the midst of the great flood of mingling harmonies, a voice came to them out of the very chorus they had just been singing. Then their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The great master had carried them away, at his will, to heights of joy and triumphant praise before unknown; he had whis-

pered to them of sorrow, and the cloudy ways of life, in words of soft, unbroken tenderness; and now he stirred their inmost depths by a strain of their own weaving, into which he poured a new tide of living song, new grace, and new meaning. No words could tell what they felt; they could have pressed him to their very hearts for joy. This was not long before the great musician's death; but he still lives in the Blind School at Zurich, and there still remains as a precious relic the master's chair in which he sat.

Where real musical genius, intellect, and education are combined, the blind musician may at once take high rank: and not a few have astonished the world with grand and glorious strains. Occasionally, also, some strange prodigy, like "Blind Tom," attracts public attention for a time. Until seven years old this odd genius was regarded as an idiot. Suddenly one night he was overheard playing the piano in his master's drawing-room, touching it with singular grace and beauty, wandering through rapid cadences, and wild bursts of melody, as a finished musician. As far as could be known, he had never even touched a piano till that night. From that time forth he had free access to the instrument, on which he every day performed greater wonders, repeating without effort almost note by note any music once played to him, and with wonderful accuracy mimicking any fault or peculiarity in the style of the performer. His marvelous powers were soon exhibited to the public. He would sit down and play, with amazing correctness, difficult pieces of music, a dozen pages in length, which he had heard but once. Notwithstanding this dexterity, one of his favorite feats was to produce an outrageous, discordant jumble of sound which no ear of the slightest pretense to sensibility could produce or endure without intense pain and disgust. The case of Blind Tom stands alone as a positive anomaly.

While to a majority of the blind music is a source of delight the acquisition of it is generally laborious. The process of deciphering any of the printed signs by which musical changes are made known to them is long and tedious. Consequently the pupils are usually taught by dictation; a short passage being given by the teacher, and repeated by the pupil until he has mastered it. In this way a piece of music is gradually but accurately learned, and when once imprinted in the memory it is rarely forgotten or lost.

The blind have their sports and games and recreative employments; although for the most part these are of the quieter kind. Checkers, chess, dominoes, and games of a similar nature, are attractive to them; and often they acquire a great deal of skill. Numerous little fancy articles are made by stringing beads on small wire. The beads are arranged according to color in different boxes; the blind girl takes the end of her wire, and passes it several times through the beads, by which means several

probably are strung on to the wire. She counts carefully the number she needs, in accordance to her own fancy, or the directions she has received, and retains those on the wire while she removes the others. Fine and delicate work of various sorts is sometimes done, which would seem quite impossible for a blind person to accomplish. There is now in the reception-room of the New York Institution for the Blind a large and beautiful wreath of flowers, made of hair, and entirely the handiwork of a sightless person.

The blind sometimes have very false and curious conceptions in regard to sight. "I can't understand," said a clever blind man, "how things can be *seen* to be round or square, without passing the fingers over them." The process of seeing, to a man born blind, must be more or less of a mystery. Even Saunderson only got so far as to conceive that "the art of seeing was similar to that of a series of threads being drawn from the distant object to the eye.

Du Puisieux, the son of a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, was in some things one of the shrewdest men of his day, having attained considerable proficiency in botany and chemistry; but he was blind. He had a wonderful memory for sounds, and could, it is said, recognize by their voice persons whom he had only once heard. He could tell if he was in a street or a blind alley, in a large room or a small one; but he believed that astronomers were the only people who saw with telescopes; and that they had their eyes differently formed from other men. Nor was his notion about eyes in general a whit less incorrect. "The eye," said he, "is an organ on which the air should have the same effect as my stick on my hand." A boy upon whom Cheselden operated for cataract, had clearly been of the same opinion. Even when restored to sight, he believed that the objects he looked on touched his eyes, as those which he felt touched his skin; and he consequently had no true idea of distance. He asked "which was the sense that deceived him, the sight or the touch?" He wondered how a likeness of his father's face could be got into so small a space as his mother's watch-case; it seemed to him as impossible as getting a bushel into a pint measure. It took him some time to learn to distinguish between the dog and the cat, until he had felt them over carefully with his own hand. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when some one asked Du Puisieux if he "would not be glad to have his sight," he replied, "If it were not for curiosity I would rather have long arms; it seems to me that my hands would teach me better what is passing in the moon than your eyes or telescopes." Even among the educated blind there must exist strangely vague and incorrect ideas in regard to the physical and metaphysical world. Cut off as the blind man is, in a measure, from the rest of the world, and from many channels of light and information open to others, his isolation is said to give him

special power and aptitude for the study of abstract things: of philosophy and of mathematics. Isolated, undoubtedly he is; when he wishes to think, his blindness saves him from the intrusion of external objects and the busy crowd of ideas which wait about on the world of visible things; it may free him from some illusions of the senses, and the snares of outside appearance; he easily becomes abstracted, where a man with sight would often find it hard: so far, therefore, his way toward deep, inward thought is cleared; wind and tide seem in his favor. Yet, although more than one philosopher is said to have plunged himself into darkness, for the purpose of intense and absolute thought, few, we fancy, would agree with the old woman who said to Dr. Guyse, her minister, who had suddenly become blind, "God be praised that your sight is gone! You're more powerful than ever, now ye've no notes."

The comparative statistics of blindness in different countries reveal some very singular facts. In the United States there are fewer blind persons in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other country in the world, there being only one in about 2460 inhabitants. Norway, for instance, has 1 in 540, Denmark 1 in 1523, Sweden 1 in 1419, Bavaria but 1 in 1986, and France 1 in 938; while Newfoundland has 1 in 1426, Nova Scotia 1 in 1788, and Prince Edward Island 1 in 1880. It is quite impossible to find a satisfactory reason for all of these differences, although variations of climate give an explanation of some. Between 20° and 30° north latitude the ratio of the blind to the whole number of inhabitants is stated to be 1 to 100; between 50° and 60° 1 to 1400; while between 70° and 80° it is 1 to 550.

In round numbers, the entire number of blind persons in the United States is about 12,000; in Great Britain, about 30,000; in France, 38,000. There are numerous institutions, both in this country and in Europe, conducted on liberal principles, which aim to give this unfortunate class an education which will fit them for any position in life which their infirmity will allow them to fill.

The New York Institution for the Blind has had 155 pupils during the last year. The course of study is carefully arranged so as to be adapted to pupils at all stages of advancement; such instruction is given in the Industrial Department as will be of practical benefit; and special attention is paid to the general health and comfort of the inmates. A visit to such an institution as this, while it awakens the deepest sympathy for those deprived of sight, also causes one to rejoice that so much has been done by systematic benevolence to relieve their condition.

Notwithstanding all that can be done for them, yet the great majority of the blind do, more or less, dwell in a separate and peculiar domain of their own. However we may try to lessen the sharpness of the line which divides them from the seeing world, still they are di-

vided, and, at certain times, stand, as it were, aloof from the multitude of seeing men. They are utterly barred off from a thousand channels through which intelligence from the outer world speaks with silent yet living voice to the whole human race. It is impossible to measure what their loss is, or how sharp the privation. When all has been done that can be done for their relief, guidance, and support, the cloud under which they still live is deep and dark. However bright the lining of that cloud—and no one learns to be more fully conscious of its beauty and brightness than the sufferer himself—there must be times when the darkness grows deep and heavy and hard to be borne. Yet it is never too early with a blind child to teach him that he is not alone in the darkness. Never too early to lead him to believe that the same living and mighty Being who has made, and controls, and will judge the rest of the world—is the very same that, unseen, is about, and keeps, and will judge *him* at the last; that there is but one Father in the heaven above, in whom we all alike must trust.

And no one is more ready and more willing to learn to believe this than the blind child if he fall into the hands of a kindly and loving teacher.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

TIME: the past summer, whose grasses are now gathered, whose leaves, then fresh and green, now crisp and curled, are waiting burial beneath the snows whose herald flakes fill the air.

SCENE: the piazza of the Cataract House, at Niagara.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (*place aux dames*)—Bella, the brunette, graceful and stately as a mountain pine; Sappho, the blonde, whose eyes have caught the color of the morning skies; Violetta, the bewitching, who has always had her own way, and can never be persuaded to have any one else's; Roxanna, a delegate from New England, whose bump of self-poisedness and go-aheadativeness is large and well-defined. In the fore-ground sits Narcissus, his attention about equally divided between Sappho and his patent-leather boots; on the right wing strides Don Miguel, swarthy but courteous; on the left, mounting guard against any raid upon the chair which he has temporarily quitted, John Paul may be seen, his classic profile showing in studied relief against the white pillar whereon he leans. So much for the grouping.

"Who is for the Cave of the Winds this morning?" speaks the cheery voice of Mrs. Japonica, *chaperon* of the lady part of the party.

"I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," cry all. Not a dissentient voice among the group.

"Put to vote and unanimously carried," remarks Narcissus.

"S! it is one vara good plan," says Don Miguel, brushing the ash from his first cigarette.

"Then order out the barouche," continues Mrs. Japonica; "how many are there of us?"

"We are seven," replies John Paul.

"Too many by twice; but the distance is short, and it is scarcely worth while to get up another carriage. You young people must walk; we old fogies will ride."

By this the barouche was at the door; Mrs. Japonica, with her body-guard of matrons, got in; "forward" was sounded, and the train was soon in motion. In accordance with all military precedent, the light infantry of the young marched in the van; the heavy artillery of the married brigade following on lumbering wheels.

The walk from the Cataract House to Goat Island follows down and along the rapids, crossing the bridge where a toll, varying according to age, size, sex, and condition, is demanded of each person. There is little of interest to be seen on the way if we except the water, of which there is quite enough to turn several good-sized mill-wheels; but the summer having been a particularly rainy one, water was not at all new and scarcely attracted remark.

"This way to the Cave of the Winds," said a number of sign-boards, and there was no difficulty in finding the place. The first station—the ante-chamber, so to speak—is a frame-building, looking not unlike a barn; here you prepare for an introduction to the inner mysteries.

The preparation consists in divesting yourself of the magnificent habiliments, the purple pantaloons and fine linen, in which you have been accustomed to disport yourself before the critical feminine eye, and putting on the garments which the guides if not the gods have provided for you. These being cut to suit the length and breadth of average humanity, the fit is not remarkably perfect if you chance to be either over or undersized. John Paul, being cast in a diminutive mould, looked very much as a bean-pole would arrayed in a purser's shirt. Nor is the material of these garments that which your tailor commends to consideration on the ground that it is "imported." Blue gingham trousers, fastened round the waist with a cord like that which the Trappist monks wear, an oil-skin pea-jacket, bound with a similar girdle, and a flapping oil-skin hood, buttoned so tightly around the neck and under the chin that at the expiration of five minutes you imagine that by some singular mistake your head has been popped into a stew-pan, constitute the upper rigging. Moccasins of white felt are bound upon your feet, and the attire is complete. This is the court-dress which you must don if you seek audience with the Winds. The dressing-rooms are not quite so comfortable as the ones you have been accustomed to. The floor, instead of with a carpet, is covered with sand and broken clam-shells; the wash-bowl has a large hole in the bottom, and the pitcher is without a handle; a looking-glass is provided that you may arrive at a full idea of the repulsiveness of your personal appearance; but this being

cracked in several places distorts you into a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be seen! And there being no bell about the room you are forced to make yourself seen, if you find it necessary to have a reef taken in the slack of your trowsers, or a nail pressed into service to supply the place of a missing button. The comb and brush at the disposal of guests is suggestive; but not being particular about the parting of your hair just now you conclude that you will not use them.

One thing not over and above pleasant about the affair is that your gingham trowsers are wet and dripping. A large fat gentleman has just jumped out of them. There are several sensations in life more pleasant than thrusting your legs into wet trowsers. So thought Narcissus. He barely got a foot in before he started back with a yell of dismay: "Thunder! I'm subject to rheumatism and neuralgia. If I put those wet rags on I couldn't stir for a week!" And he at once decided not to go. It being necessary that some one should watch our money, diamond sleeve-buttons, and shirt-studs, Frodsham watches and chains, it was at last arranged that to him this responsible post should be assigned. At last the toilets were made, and after stopping a moment to get breath and allow Don Miguel to relieve himself of a huge Spanish oath and a clam-shell which was in his moccasin, the gentlemen sallied out into the hall.

The ladies were not visible.

Rat, tat, tat at the door of their room: "Ladies, are you ready?"

The door opens about two inches and the nose of Bella is visible, with the eyes of Violetta peeping over her shoulder:

"Oh, we can't come out in this rig with all those people looking at us; tell those men to go away!"

We, in our uncommon attire, were mistaken for men!

But aside from us there was quite a crowd around. One of the curiosities of Niagara is to see the procession of pilgrims, male and female, starting for that Mecca of the waters known as the Cave of the Winds. Multitudes go over to the island expressly to witness the exhibition.

As the naughty, naughty men would neither be persuaded nor ordered away, the ladies finally came out, timidly, and casting furtive glances around to see if any body was laughing at them. Their movement was a sideways, deprecating one, like that of a crab when first trying locomotion in a new shell.

I have spoken of the procession as one of pilgrims; the simile is a good one, barring the lack of cockle-hats and staffs, for the shoon are there, and oil-skin would pass current with even the unimaginative mind for sackcloth, while the gray sand which sprinkles the garments answers for ashes.

Hand in hand, down steep, winding stairs, the party goes, the ladies occasionally tripping in their unaccustomed style of slippers—but never

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